

HUMANITY'S GREAT NEED

Our Hearts Cry For the
Living God.

MR. KINCAID'S SERMON

Times of Loneliness and Tem-
pation We Hunger for
the Lord.

At Central Union Church yesterday Rev.
E. M. Kincaid preached on the theme,
"The Cry for the Living God." He took
as text from Psalm 84, "My heart and
flesh cry out for the living God,"
and he spoke in part as follows:

No demand of the human heart is more
urgent, none more pathetic, none more un-
deniable, than its cry for the living
God. This cry began seemingly with
the first man; certainly it has accom-
panied all his earthly history so far as
we can trace that history; nor does there
appear to be any reason for supposing
that it will ever cease so long as he re-
mains in this world. This cry of the
human heart for the living God is what
the world's altars and temples and re-
ligious men, it is what its philosophies
and sciences, it is the deepest inspira-
tion of its poetry and music and art; and I
believe the time will come when it will be
seen that it is the real meaning of its
existence.

Now, what is this cry of the human
heart for God? Let us try, for a little
while, this morning, to get away from all
theological statements and scholastic in-
quiries of it. Let us untangle the
mysteries of human life and analyze this cry
of man and women about us; the cry of
our own hearts, as we look within. Every-
where there is this cry for some help,
some deliverer, some savior, something
outside of ourselves that shall help us.
Then man's reason is so made that it
craves out for an answering reason in the
universe—an intelligence that is over all
things, and through all things, and in all
things—an intelligence that is the explana-
tion of all things. Nothing is more ab-
surd to the human reason than the
thought of an idiot universe—a world
without intelligence, meaning. And
what is this demand of man's reason
for intelligence and meaning in the uni-
verse but the cry for the living God
who is the Infinite Reason?

Science is the effort of the mind to find
order in the midst of apparent disorder,
the one in the many. And this effort is
relative to the human mind; it hun-
gers for order; it craves out for unity. Nor
is it stop with the attainment of its ob-
ject in a mere part of creation; it must
find it everywhere. Is there not an or-
der running through the universe as a
thread? Is there not a great unity binding
it all into one? This is what the
soul longs for; and it can never rest
until the answer comes. "Yes, there is
such a supreme order; there is such a
supreme unity."

And so also in the soul's desire for
truth. The human soul is so constituted
that it can not rest in falsehoods or il-
lusions. It wants reality, it wants verity,
it does not merely at one point, or on
the surface; it wants truth everywhere,
above all at the heart of things. It
craves out with a passionate cry that will
take no denial for truth, absolute, eter-
nal, unchangeable truth. Is such truth
possible without the living God? And the
soul's cry for right—right that is immu-
table and eternal—right at the heart of all
things—that is but a cry for the living
God?

There are times when our need of God
becomes especially deep, and therefore,
the cry of the soul for the ever-
living One is especially urgent. Let us
note some of these:

First, in times of ignorance. There is
nothing so utterly pathetic in the ig-
norance in which we are respecting all
things that we need to know. Every child comes
into the world with no inheritance of ex-
periences, with absolutely no knowledge of
himself, or of the laws that govern it,
or of the material or physical.

In seasons of loneliness, the soul in-
stinctively cries out to the living God.
And how much loneliness is there in ev-
ery life. It does not require residence in
a forest or a desert to begot this feeling
of utter loneliness. There is no more
sorrow or oppressive solitude than that in
which a soul may live in the midst of a
crowd. To be in the midst of human be-
ings who do not understand you or sym-
pathize with you, that is the deepest loneli-
ness. We have hopes and fears, joys and sor-
rows, yearnings and ideals; that is to be
all to no human being, that is to be
utterly alone. What is the resource? The
answer, the sweetest, the most blessed re-
source that man ever found in the living
God. In him we have a friend who un-
derstands us thoroughly; to whom we can
tell all, with whom we can perfect sympathy.

Then, again, when we suffer wrongs,
the soul instinctively cries out to the living
God.
There is no time when the soul has more
reason to cry out for the living God than
in the hour of temptation. He who when
he is tempted to evil shuts the living God
out of his thoughts is in deadly peril.
It is he who draws near to the living God,
in order that he shape his yea or nay to
be in the light of the divine
presence, is safe. The question, "What
will the living God help me to do?" and
the prayer, "God help me to be true and
do right," will prove a shield against
all the most fiery darts of temptation
which will prove impotent. Or, if we have
succumbed to temptation and fallen into sin,
what shall we do? More than ever, let
the living God, is now our hope. Let
us, like the prodigal, say, "I will arise
and go unto my Father," not simply for
the sake of being delivered from the pen-
alty due our sin.

All life is an eager endeavor after some-
thing with only one of two results—either
we get what we want and then comes sa-
tisfaction, or we do not get what we want,
and then comes disappointment. Have you
ever stopped to think how large a por-
tion of the human race are praying
with their hands, if not with their lips,
"Give me day by day my daily bread?"
How many men and women are wrestling
with the more bread and better problem;
how many men and women are living al-
most on the edge of starvation; how many
know where tomorrow's meal will come
from for their wives and little ones; if
some mischance should throw them out of
work. We who are gathered here this
morning are not of this number. We do
not need to say more than "Give us we
eat," or perhaps year by year our daily
bread. But are we satisfied? How
many in this congregation, I wonder, re-
spond to Paul, "Having food and
clothing, therewith I am content." We
do not all hunger for something more. The
soul has solved the bread and butter
problem, but it has not solved the soul
problem. They that have raiment want fin-
er and more beautiful clothing.
But suppose we rise out of this lower

material realm into the realm of love.
"Ah," you say, "that satisfies; that fills
the heart." Does it? Why, then, is it
a marriage certificate in which the echo
of the far-off funeral bell is not heard
telling that solemn sentence, "Thou death
do us part." While the wedding march
is playing and the bride and her compan-
ions are robed in white and decked with
flowers, death stands at the door saying,
"In a little while you, too, shall know
your crucifixion." The most passionate
cry for the living God the human soul
ever knows of is that which it utters in the
presence of bereavement. To see those
who are very dear to us—dearer than life
itself—loosen themselves from our arms
and drift away from us out upon the sil-
ent river—we unable with our tears and
efforts to hold them back—this is an an-
guish unspeakable. Is there no assuage-
ment of it? No balm in Gilead? "As one
whom his mother comforteth," saith the
living God, "So comfort I you." What
heart is there in this house, what man,
what woman, what child, that has not
known this longing for a mother-comfort
in some hour of its experience?

There are some of the ways (and there
are many more) in which the human
heart, from the earliest moment of its
conscious existence, all through life, in-
stinctively cries out for something higher,
stronger, more perfect than itself, that
shall be the light of its day, the source
of its life, the explanation of its ideals
and mysteries, the satisfaction of all its
longings. And what is the answer of the
living God? It is Christ. He comes to
you and me, not to interpret the myster-
ies or to explain the enigmas of life, but
to write upon them the one word, Love.
He comes to answer the soul's cry in its
deepest and direst need. He comes to
stand by us in the midst of the battle,
with the glory of heaven in his face and
the power of the living God in his heart.
Will you not accept him as the living
God's answer to the cry of our souls for
him? I offer him to you; I only wish I
knew how to offer him so you would see
the love, the strength, the divine life that
he gives.

How little we realize what treasures in-
finite and exhaustless we have in the liv-
ing God as he has revealed himself in Je-
sus Christ. Imagine a world without the
living God, and then we shall see. With-
out such a God, the universe loses its
meaning; reason is baffled in its every
flight; our ideals and dreams and hopes
are bubbles; our faith stands on noth-
ing; immortality fades away, and man
sinks down essentially to the level of the
brute, and death speedily swallows up
all. But with Christ, the living God, oh!
with Him, the world is rational, the uni-
verse is instinct with life; man is im-
mortal; hope lights eternal fires; love
reigns in all worlds; and there is no good
thing in earth or heaven that is not wait-
ing to be ours.

"PAY THAT WHICH THOU HAST VOWED."

Sermon by Rev. G. L. Pearson
at Methodist Church
Yesterday.

Rev. G. L. Pearson of the Methodist
Episcopal church, preached on "Vows
and Vowing" last evening. His text
was "Pay that which thou hast vowed,"
Eccl. v:4. He said in part:

Truth is a natural right of man. Every
man is under moral obligation to tell
the truth and fulfill his promises. If
no dependence could be placed on man's
word every interest of our earth-
ly life would be imperiled and all inter-
ests would suffer beyond calculation.
A large part of human knowledge is
derived from the testimony of others.
Most of the faith that sustains the en-
terprises of life is faith in the truthfulness
of what is told us and belief in the
fulfillment of the promises that are
made. Truth is surely essential to the
attainment and security of life's ends.
The liar is a detestable character any-
where and always. Lying is a great sin.
A lie is never justifiable. Some who
defeat the liar and who would not lie
are yet so careless regarding their
word as to break their promises which
often results in practically the same
evils as deliberate falsehood, both in
its effects upon the character of the
one promising and in the evil which
may come to the one who believed.

Great care should be exercised in the
making of our promises. None should be
made without good reasons. Too many
promises are hastily and indifferently
made. Promises should be most scrup-
ulously fulfilled. Men should make
their word good by the perception of truth
and effect of so doing upon their char-
acters and of the interest of those who
have acted upon the promise. Every
man should hold himself rigidly to this
rule and youths should be carefully
disciplined in its observance. "Better
that thou shouldst not vow, than thou
shouldst not pay." There is but one exception to this ob-
ligation and that is in the case of a bad
promise which is better broken than
kept. In such the evil is in the promise
and not in violating it. There is no
virtue in doing evil, there is virtue in
honorably declining to keep a bad vow.
Shakespeare agrees with Scripture in
these lines:

"It is a great sin to swear unto a sin
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath."
The moral effect of carelessness in the
keeping of one's vows can not be
over estimated. It deadens conscience,
weakens respect for the claims of moral
obligation, dulls the perception of truth
and justice, undermines character and
leads indifferently to the great interests
of life. The payment of promises is not
a matter of convenience but of duty.
Mary, Queen of Scots, when reminded of
her promise of toleration said "promises
ought not to be urged upon princes un-
less they can conveniently fill them."
Many so reason today, but the moral
obligation is not so filled.

Vows made to God and the church
should be held most sacredly. These
promises are held very lightly by many.
They are forgotten or discarded yet they
remain written against us. Time does
not annul their validity. God calls up-
on us to pay them. He awaits our re-
sponse. Let the church pay her vows
and the kingdom of God will soon be
extended over all the earth.

There are but few men, if any, who
leave not vowed unto God. In times of
danger, or trial, temptation or sickness,
in days of special conviction from God
when sin has been noted and the de-
sirableness of salvation appreciated,
men have vowed to be true to convic-
tion, to reform their characters, to love
and serve God. Some have promised
dying loved ones to prepare to meet
them in glory and have not kept the
vow.

Pay your religious vows, God de-
mands it. You cannot afford to live
without the blessedness of the fulfill-
ment of such vows. You cannot afford
to neglect the judgment throne
with the broken promises upon you.
Good promises unkept denote a care-
less and unworthy character. Let us
be exact with man and with God. Let
us prove our worthiness by fidelity to
our vows.

IN THE NATURE OF AN OBSTACLE

Guide.—This is Bunker Hill.
Visiting Briton (also a golfer).—Ah!
that was a bunker, to be sure!

JURYMEN WHO SERVE AT THE AUGUST TERM

The Advertiser is enabled to publish
this morning the complete list of the
new Grand Jury, the first one which
will ever sit in Honolulu, as well as the
list of the trial jurors of the Circuit
Court.

High Sheriff Brown Saturday finish-
ed rounding up the new jurymen and
the list was then given out. The jurors
are summoned to meet on the first day
of the August term, Monday, August
6th.

Following are the lists:

GRAND JURY.
George R. Carter, Henry E. Waity,
William H. Hoogs, Edward A. McIn-
erny, John Edinger, Joseph P. Cooke,
James L. McLeah, John S. Walker,
Lemuel C. Ables, Chalmers A. Graham,
Edwin I. Spaulding, Frederick M. Lewis,
Thomas W. Hobron, William G.
Ashley, Edwin Benner, Mark P. Robin-
son, Charles H. Atherton, Samuel Low-
den, Charles Hustace, Jr., William O.
Atwater, Amos F. Cooke, Lewis A.
Rostin, Charles L. Hopkins, Robert W.
Holt.

TRIAL JURORS.
Edwin O. White, Clinton B. Ripley,
William M. Templeton, William W. Di-
mond, William C. Wilder, Jr., Henry
F. Wichman, George W. Hayselden,
John H. Schnack, Charles S. Crane,
Edward A. Williams, Jacob Lando,
Charles N. Rose, Frank H. Armstrong,
Henry G. Blatt, Eugene P. Sullivan,
Morris K. Keohokalohe, Joaquin M. Ca-
marra, Reuben A. Dexter, Manuel G.
Silva, George E. Smithies, William M.
Graham, George T. Kluegel, Walter C.
Weedon, Thomas E. Krouse, Frederick
W. Makinney, Frederick J. Church,
George A. A. Thrum, William Chung
Hoon, Cephas M. Lawelawe, Samuel
W. Spencer, Emanuel S. Cunha, Mike
Harvey, George S. Wells, John Water-
house, Frank Vida, Henry W. Green.

HIS CONSECUTIVE LETTERS.

They Became Mixed, and His Wife at
the Seaside Had a Hard Time.

"Now Arthur," said Mrs. Barrington,
as her husband put three hand-bags in
the seat beside her and handed over
six baggage checks, "I want you to be
sure and write to me every day, and tell
me everything you think, just how
much you miss me, and all about the
way the servants get along. Don't omit
any of the details, thinking that I shall
not be interested, for every word that
you write, dear, will be precious to me.
Put plenty of local color in your let-
ters."

"Oh, I'll keep you posted," he replied.
"You go ahead and have a good time
and don't worry about me. I'll get
along some way. Of course it'll be
lonely and all that, but I'll manage to
pass the time. It'll be rather dismal for
me to sit on the front porch alone when
it begins to get dark, thinking of you in
the gay crowd having a good time, and
never giving a thought to—"

Arthur Barrington, his pretty wife
interrupted. "If you continue to talk
that way I just shan't go. You know
I shall think of you every minute I am
away, and if the doctor hadn't said
the sea would be good for me I wouldn't
have thought of accepting Aunt Lau-
ra's invitation. Please don't fret me,
love, will you? Remember that when-
ever I may be, and no matter how gay
my surroundings, I shall be thinking of
you, and" (lowering her voice to a
whisper) "my soul will still be commu-
nicating with your soul."

They threw kisses at each other as
the train moved away. Then Barrington
went to his office and began writing
letters. They were to his wife. He
wrote fourteen of them—enough to last
two weeks. In general outline the let-
ters were about the same. He started
each by filling a sheet with endearing
words and declarations that he was
very lonely without his darling. Then
followed the local color she wanted in
the form of comments on occurrences
of the day in and around their home.
The letters were not dated, but he
sealed and addressed them, and arranged
them in a bunch, so that his stenog-
rapher could take off the top one day
after day and drop it into the mail
box.

He had been gone nearly a week when
there came a telegram for him. Of
course telegrams had to be opened, and
when Miss Wildreth the stenographer,
read the message, she turned pale.

"Why don't you answer my questions
about the housemaid's ankle and your
love?" An awfully worried.

That was what Elizabeth Barrington
had telegraphed. After studying the
matter for a while Miss Wildreth de-
cided that it was necessary for her to
act. She was clever enough to hold a
position that not more than one man
out of fifty could have filled, and she
had the habit of keeping her eyes and
ears open. Well, she said to herself.

"The housemaid's ankle? I can see
how he might know something about
his own liver, but—and why should his
wife, of all people, want him to see
about it? Well, if ever I get married—"

But instead of finishing what she had
started to say, she wrote the following
dispatch:

"Leg and liver O. K. Don't worry."
It was about 10 o'clock the next day
when another telegram for Arthur Bar-
rington was received. It read:

"Yesterday's letter contradicts tele-
gram. Why are you deceiving me? Am
you better today? Shall I come home?"

The stenographer's reply was as fol-
lows:

"Am true as steel. Don't think of
coming home."

Miss Wildreth had just begun to feel
that she had succeeded in settling the
disagreeable business when a messen-
ger boy arrived with another telegram,
in which her employer's wife said:

"Don't understand. What do you
mean by being true as steel? Something
tells me you are worse. Wire immedi-
ately."

The stenographer replied:

"Never mind reference to steel. Am
all right."

Mrs. Barrington watched eagerly for
the postman on the following day, and
when he handed her Arthur's letter she
opened it with trembling fingers. Eagerly
she scanned the first page and was
about half through the local color when
she jumped up and ran to her aunt,
crying:

"Merciful goodness! What can this
mean? Three days ago Arthur wrote
that the housemaid was still laid up
with her lame ankle, which I have tried
in vain to get him to tell me about, and
the doctor had told him his liver was
out of order. Yet here in today's letter he
tells me that the housemaid has just
fallen out of a cherry tree, spraining her
ankle, and that he made himself a
Welsh rarebit night before last and
ate so much of it that his liver is all
upset. Why on earth did the house-
maid climb a cherry tree when she had
a lame ankle; and what ever possessed

Read This Carefully!

Owing to Presidential Election business
all over the Eastern States is dull. Our New
York buyer took advantage of such cir-
cumstances and made large purchases for
cash. We are therefore in a position to offer
remarkable attractions in every depart-
ment.

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at 25c.

Special new attractions in Embroid-
ery, All-Overs in choice designs, suit-
able for Waists, Yokes, Sleeves, etc.

Great attractions in our Ribbon De-
partment. Please call.

Ladies' Shirt Waists

Still new styles have arrived to our
immense large stock.

Ladies' Straw Sailor Hats

The very latest styles at the most
popular prices.

150 dozen Misses' and Children's Hosi-
ery, sizes 6 to 8½, 10c.

Rug Sale

Received from the largest manufac-
turer a complete assortment of Rugs,
which we are offering at reduced prices.
Call before the lot is sold out.

Boys' and Girls' Straw Sailors in fine
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Crepe, Sateen,
Madras

LARGE STOCK JUST RECEIVED.

MAINE TOWN FOR SALE.

It's Hopelessly Bankrupt and No One
Seems to Want It at Any Price.

The town of Somerville, Lincoln coun-
ty, Me., is for sale to the highest bidder,
and it isn't expected that any one will
bid very high for the place. Somerville
is hopelessly bankrupt, and has been so
for a long time. It was formerly known
as Patricktown plantation, and is thirty
miles north of the ancient town of Wis-
casset. Forty years ago there were
about six hundred inhabitants in the
place, and now there are only 450, while
the valuation has fallen off from \$106,000
in 1890 to about \$30,000 at present.

No particular cause is assigned for
the plight in which Somerville finds it-
self at the century's end. It seems to
have just dried up, and it is the best ex-
ample known of the decayed rural town
of New England—the place of deserted
mills, tumble-down houses and aban-
doned farms. The industries never
amounted to much, consisting of some
little old-fashioned sawmills, and al-
though the soil is as good as in the
prosperous towns all around it, farm-
ing in Somerville seems to have been a
failure in this generation. Now the
town, with its nominal valuation of
\$80,000, has a debt of \$30,000 which it
cannot pay, and the chief wonder is
how such a debt was ever contracted.

No one in Somerville has paid any taxes
for ever so long, and the assessors
don't know how to get what is due to
the town, to the county and to the
State. The State assessors have no
suggestions to make for the benefit of
the local officials; Gov. Powers doesn't
know any remedy for the condition of
affairs and the Legislature won't do
anything for fear that there would be
a rush of other poverty-stricken towns
for relief on the same basis.

The only thing to do is to sell the
town outright and that is what the peo-
ple of Somerville want to do. They
think that possibly some rich man from
the big cities might want the place for
a private park, for which purpose it
offers many advantages, but at last ac-
counts no one has made any offer.

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